

The Evening World

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VETO IT PROMPTLY, MR. MAYOR.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

With great pleasure I read your article "Cheese-Paring at Its Stupidest" in The Evening World.

During recent years the public school lectures have been for me the only chance to educate myself, and I am quite satisfied with the results. Eager to learn the English language thoroughly, and to enlarge my knowledge wherever I can, I have heard lectures in the Washington Irving High School, Cooper Union and Public School No. 87. I very seldom miss one. Just now I am spending five nights each week on my education.

There can be no doubt about the necessity of the public school lectures for an overwhelming majority of New York's population. That, on the other hand, people really look for education is a striking fact. I do not see any reason whatsoever to handicap the great good work of public school lectures by cutting down the usual appropriation for them.

If there is ever any question concerning this problem it ought to be the question whether it would not be wiser to increase the number of lectures for the greater benefit of the public.

EMIL ELSNER.

New York, Dec. 7, 1914.

The above letter voices the feeling of one of the million and a quarter people who attended last year the public school lectures which were inaugurated originally through the efforts of The Evening World.

These lectures have cost the city ten cents a year for each person attending them. By cutting the usual appropriation in half the Board of Aldermen permits but five cents to be expended upon a citizen who seeks to improve his mind by means of this instruction.

The Aldermen see extravagance in helping people to better themselves.

They see no extravagance in letting taxpayers pay for and maintain half a million dollars' worth of automobiles at a cost of \$300,000 per year, in order that officials and underlings in every department of the city government may have motor cars at their beck and call.

The Evening World has exposed the scandalous waste in garage charges, chauffeurs' wages and idle cars involved in the city's maintaining scores of machines for city officials to use—in many instances for their private convenience and pleasure.

Why should not municipal business be served and expedited by an economical, municipal taxi service which would supply cars to city departments whenever needed at a rate of \$2 or less per hour? Why must taxpayers furnish four thousand dollar touring cars by the dozen in order that city officials may save carfare?

Let New Yorkers ponder the facts. Let them ask themselves what sort of "reformed" Aldermen are these who pass over the city's reckless extravagance in automobiles to adopt a carping, cheese-paring policy toward a great popular means of public instruction.

The Mayor's prompt veto should send the Aldermen's cut of the public school lecture course appropriation straight back to the Board—with the indignant protest of the whole city.

A DOUBLE TRIAL.

TOMORROW the up-State Public Service Commission will make another effort to try the case of the People of New York City against the New York Telephone Company, which milks metropolitan telephone users to the tune of \$17,000 daily in excess charges for the benefit of its business elsewhere.

Remember the telephone company lawyers with figures and fair promises have each time lulled the Commissioners into complete confusion.

The gentlemen of the Board should bear in mind that this time it is not only the New York Telephone Company that is on trial. The public is alert and interested and will presently bring in its own verdict as to the value of "public service" as conceived by the costly manipulations which it maintains for its protection.

Hits From Sharp Wits.

Smart to the wife is superfluous.
A woman's wit is a woman's wit.

There are men who boast of their wit, but in being able to avoid work, the employer is not kept busy carrying on his business.

What has become of the old fashioned woman who trimmed, retrimmed and trimmed again and again her hair?—Miss Maudie Sentinel.

When a man sings his own praises he is seldom in tune with the infinite.

Letters From the People

Apartment House Telephone.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
I wish to thank you for the interest which you are taking in reading New York City from the impositions of the telephone trust.

I am paying three different rates for a local call within the Borough of Manhattan. I own a little twenty-five foot apartment house with thirteen extensions. I have been compelled to guarantee a large number of messages and I pay extra for the switchboard, two trunk lines and the extension instruments. Since we cannot possibly tune the number of messages which we had to contract for, the messages actually used cost me twenty cents each, and it is plain that the tenants will not pay more than five cents to me because the telephone trust takes good care to advertise the fact all over the city that they only charge the landlords three cents a message. It has actually happened in this very house that a tenant has complained of what he thinks is an imposition in charging him five cents for five minutes telephone conversation, which actually costs the owner, as stated above, twenty cents. In another apartment house, through the loss of calls and being obliged to keep an attendant on the switchboard, the messages cost me nine cents each.

On the slot machines in the drug stores and in some offices I pay only five cents for practically an unlimited call. Recently slot machines were in-

stalled in a great many countries in Europe, which are furnished to the telephone companies for about \$4 each. They are much smaller and do not take up as much room as that of an ordinary hotel extension, and the local toll is only two cents.

The imposition by the telephone company on the apartment house owner has resulted in an additional indirect tax to the property owner. He is obliged to maintain a switchboard operator and has to furnish a lot of bookkeeping. With all this there is a continuous friction between the landlord and tenant because of the differences as to telephone calls charged.

The New York Evening World would render an enormous service to the apartment house owners in New York City and indirectly to the apartment house dwellers if it would support the demand for installing slot machines.

If the owner of an apartment house would render an enormous service to the apartment house owners in New York City and indirectly to the apartment house dwellers if it would support the demand for installing slot machines.

Can You Beat It?

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By Maurice Ketten



The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

IN the semi-darkness of the theatre during the rehearsal of "The Maiden Martyr" Mr. Jarr was introduced into the mystic of the drama for the first time.

To Mr. Jarr's way of thinking, being just at a rehearsal would be the best means of curing the stage aspirations of the rank amateur who ever alighted. But he was wrong. There is no cure whatsoever for this deadliest form of mind-blight.

The great lion den came to be being rehearsed. But, back of the golden-barricaded stage with the painted drop to represent stone walls, loitered queerly groups of sallow men and haggard women. Many of the females were shabby bloomers and one or two of them were in faded and soiled old bathing suits. These skipped around in solemn silence on the soft soles of dilapidated old dancing slippers.

Any scrawny bloated woman with very short, vari-colored hair was solemnly tying herself in knots on a strip of dirty old carpet at the side.

"That's Dorinda, the dancer," whispered Mr. Dogstony to Mr. Jarr. "She does The Passion Flower Dance to soften the heart of Nero, in order to save the Maiden Martyr from being thrown to the lions."

A red faced man with a double chin, who wore a skating cap of knitted blue yarn and a dirty long white sweater over his corpulent body, now came down the aisle of the darkened theatre.

"That's Sam Slinger, the big theatrical manager," explained the press agent. "Now that Horace Grindheim's great historical play has gotten financial backing, Slinger has taken charge. If the show is a success he'll take half of it, besides getting \$100 a week for office direction and \$ per-

cent of the gross receipts for letting it be produced at one of the theatres he controls. He'll take charge of the rehearsals."

Having commanded silence by hammering his cane on the footlight rail and swearing at everybody raucously, the great manager's voice dropped to a tone of honeyed sweetness.

"How did Pavlova get in this show?" he asked.

As he was pointing his heavy cane at the unfortunate woman tying herself in knots, all eyes turned in that direction.

Mr. Jarr Sees a Made-to-Order Drama

Strengthened by a Bow-Legged Boy

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"Get off the stage!" Mr. Slinger now bawled furiously. "This ain't no small time vaudeville bill! We ain't putting in any contortion turns!"

"If you please, Mr. Slinger," said Horace Grindheim, the author, coming forward on the stage and shading his eyes from the bluntness of the light, "it's only the dancer limbering up. We are waiting for you to rehearse the lion cage scene."

"Who threw those fur rugs in the cage? They're all moth eaten!" roared the great manager.

"Please, sir, those are the lions," explained the playwright.

"I thought it was a press agent's fur coat the moths had dragged out of a pawnshop!" bellowed the manager, turning to give Mr. Dogstony a baleful glance. "Now, what guy with a beamed-ceiling bean ever thought this piece of cheese would get over? There ain't no pathetic stuff in it. Do you think a show that depends on some society skirt getting bitten by them old sheep will be good for anything but a laugh? We want some tender stuff in it. Who's this Zero? Is that the name of the lion?"

Mr. Grindheim explained.

"We gotta get some sympathy. The dame that's fed to them old New-Foundlands has got to have a child. A good kid bit or the American flag is needed to knock the audience off their seats. I looked over this bunch of junk!" Here the manager produced a frayed and soiled manuscript of the play. "And I don't see a naval lieutenant coming in with a squad of sailors to wave the American flag and shoot the lions, and save the child. That's the sure-fire nokum!"

Mr. Grindheim stammered that the American flag and naval lieutenant would be an anachronism.

"Well," said the great manager, on whom the word anachronism had a most impressive effect, "we've got to have a kid in it. Couldn't the Martyr dame have a child by Mr. Martyr, her first husband?"

"We thought of a little brother for her," stammered Mr. Grindheim, who had thought of no such thing.

At this instant Mrs. Dora Bingle of Camden, New Jersey, came from the wings, leading little Holloway Bingle, the child with the arched legs.

"There's the very kid! Let it be fed to the lions first as an appetizer!" roared the theatrical magnate.

Probably since the era of the Hyksos Kings of Egypt men folk have heaped ridicule upon women for carrying around powder bags or puffs wherewith to powder their noses. Yet a shiny nose on a woman is abhorrent, more or less, to every normal man—and women know this instinctively!

When we hear a man brag that he "can see a touch coming," we reflect that he knows altogether too much about the touch of a preliminary curve.

The Loneliest Man in New York

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By Sophie Irene Loeb

MET him the other day—the loneliest man in New York.

Perhaps you think he is in the bread-line, a pauper, or a struggling day laborer, or in a hall bedroom without kith or kin. Not at all.

He is a very rich man. He lives in the finest hotel in this city.

Why is he lonely? Because he is sick to death of the life that he leads. "He is sick to death of his clubs, of his automobiles, of his horses, of his amusements. He has a beautiful wife and a charming daughter. They are at present travelling about with twenty trunks, maids, couriers and the like. They spend very little time with him, since, 'for daughter's sake,' so-

ciety demands this, that and the other thing. When they do come to New York they are with him but a short season, for opera or something of the sort, and then they are off again to a warm climate.

He is a man of big business and must stay to guard it. Money is a great care. If you don't believe it, ask this man.

"Yes, I am the loneliest man in New York," he admitted to me. "I envy the man who has a home, where there is some struggle. There is a sense of satisfaction at every step of OVERCOMING that struggle, which I can never feel.

"As for me, I have to forever be the watch dog of my treasury. I cannot complain, because I have made my life what it is. My family is a result of it, and I cannot now

Sayings of

Mrs. Solomon

By Helen Rowland

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MY Daughter, be not cast down because thou hast not the face of a magazine-cover girl and the figure of a clock model.

For lo, a man's judgment concerning women is not ALWAYS that of Paris; and many a peach hangeth upon the family tree whose prunes have long been gathered.

Now, a youth of Babylon came unto me, saying: "Behold, I am in the MARRYING MOOD!"

"Yes, I would find me a soul-mate; yet where shall I discover that Paragon of youth and loveliness which shall encompass all the graces of a Circe and all the charms of Aphrodite?"

"For lo, I have wandered far and wide, and have searched the highways and by-ways; and every damsel was but another disappointment!"

"Go to! The damsels of Boston were as lemon-juice in mine eyes; for they smiled not, neither did they grin; their goggles and their strange bags were an abomination unto me!"

"Their clothes did NOT fit!"

"The damsels of Chicago were pleasant of countenance, but their SMILE were too much for me."

"Alas! their figures were too, too solid, and their mouths were full of 'R's'."

"The damsels of California were all bones and muscle, the damsels of Philadelphia all frumps and prudes and the damsels of Gotham all FREAKS!"

"Yes, they covered themselves with paint and with powder and with false locks of gilded hair—but with little else."

"Their shoulders and their ankles smote upon my sight!"

"Behold, she whom I shall marry must be fairer than the morning rose, more perfect than the lily, more discreet than the violet."

"Her smile must dazzle as a tooth-powder advertisement and her hair be all her OWN!"

And I comforted him, saying: "Go, my Son, and be of good cheer. Thou shalt find thy Paragon at the psychological moment."

"For they ALL do!"

And lo, within a year, he returned, leading a damsel by the hand, and presented her before me, saying: "Behold, behold, my Mother, how wisely thou didst speak!"

"For I have found HER, mine Ideal and my Paragon."

"Look upon her!"

And I LOOKED.

But, my sleeve was filled with laughter; for that which I saw was a damsel of thirty, with hair of dun and the figure of a blotting pad. Upon her head was a THING which some women call a hat, and upon her feet were number eight.

Yet, when she opened her mouth to speak, I UNDERSTOOD.

For her voice was as a chime of silver bells and her words were sweeter than treacle and honey.

Then I said in my heart, "Lo, he hath chosen wisely!"

"All the days of his life shall he see her through his visions and illusions and shall never know that she is NOT beautiful."

"For he hath picked her out by EAR rather than by EYE!"

Selah!

Things You Should Know About Yourself

3.—Why Should We Breathe Deeply? WE have all watched the deep, regular heaving sides of a sleeping cat or dog. It breathes naturally and there is no doubt that is the way we all should breathe.

When primitive man was an outdoor creature he probably breathed as he should; but his habits changed as he became more civilized, and, by living largely indoors and doing work that was done without much bodily effort, he lost the habit of breathing naturally. Many people seem to breathe scarcely below the throat line, whereas, a correct natural breath should completely fill the lungs, raise the diaphragm (which is such a simple matter as this that every one might help.

It is by extending the chest cavity as a perfect breath does that the life-giving oxygen is allowed to pass freely into the small upper lobes of the lungs, which is said to be the starting point or breeding ground of the germs of tuberculosis. It is claimed that this particular spot is almost never reached by the ordinary incomplete breath. That good and wise man, Sir William Osler, declares that if one generation would learn to breathe correctly, lung troubles would be a curiosity. If not entirely unknown. Just think what that would mean in the great fight against tuberculosis! It seems as though in such a simple matter as this that every one might help.

Chapters from a Woman's Life

By Dale Drummond

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CHAPTER XXVI. O I worked and studied. Once I went to see Jack. He was so brave, so cheerful, so sure of our ultimate happiness that I could not help but share his enthusiasms. But it was dreadful to see him behind the bars. He was very thin and white. He had always been fastidious about his food, and he looked badly off. His hair was nearly white, and he gave him a strange, almost painful, expression. He looked as though he had been through a great deal of trouble, and he was so gentle, yet so firmly, telling him what was right to do, making it so simple, showing him such infinite patience, that in his final submission I saw a sure reason for leaving him with her until I should be able to make another home for them, where I could be with them.

"You see, you see, I take me, too, don't you, Susan?" mother asked as the little head dropped on her breast and the baby fell asleep, happily cuddled in her arms.

"Oh, yes! And won't Jack be pleased to have you? He thinks so much of you!" I exclaimed, forgetting for a moment that Jack was behind prison bars, and remembering only his love for and admiration of my mother.

"I hope so, dear, for I expect just as soon as he comes home" (she always spoke of Jack's "coming home," "he will want you all. And I couldn't bear—now—to be left out."

"As if you could be!" I returned, tears in my eyes. "I could not! How could I have done anything, accomplished anything, had it not been for your care of the children, and for my knowledge that no matter what happened, the best possible was being done for them?"

"What I should have done without my mother, I had never dared to think. Knowing that my poor babies were being cared for, trained far better than I could ever hope to train them, had made it possible for me to accomplish much, that otherwise would have been impossible."

(To Be Continued.)

What I should have done without my mother, I had never dared to think. Knowing that my poor babies were being cared for, trained far better than I could ever hope to train them, had made it possible for me to accomplish much, that otherwise would have been impossible."

ing forward to the day of all days—the great day of accomplishment.

Better by far to live so that every day's gain brings with it a few more of life every day that counts in the long run, rather than the look-

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